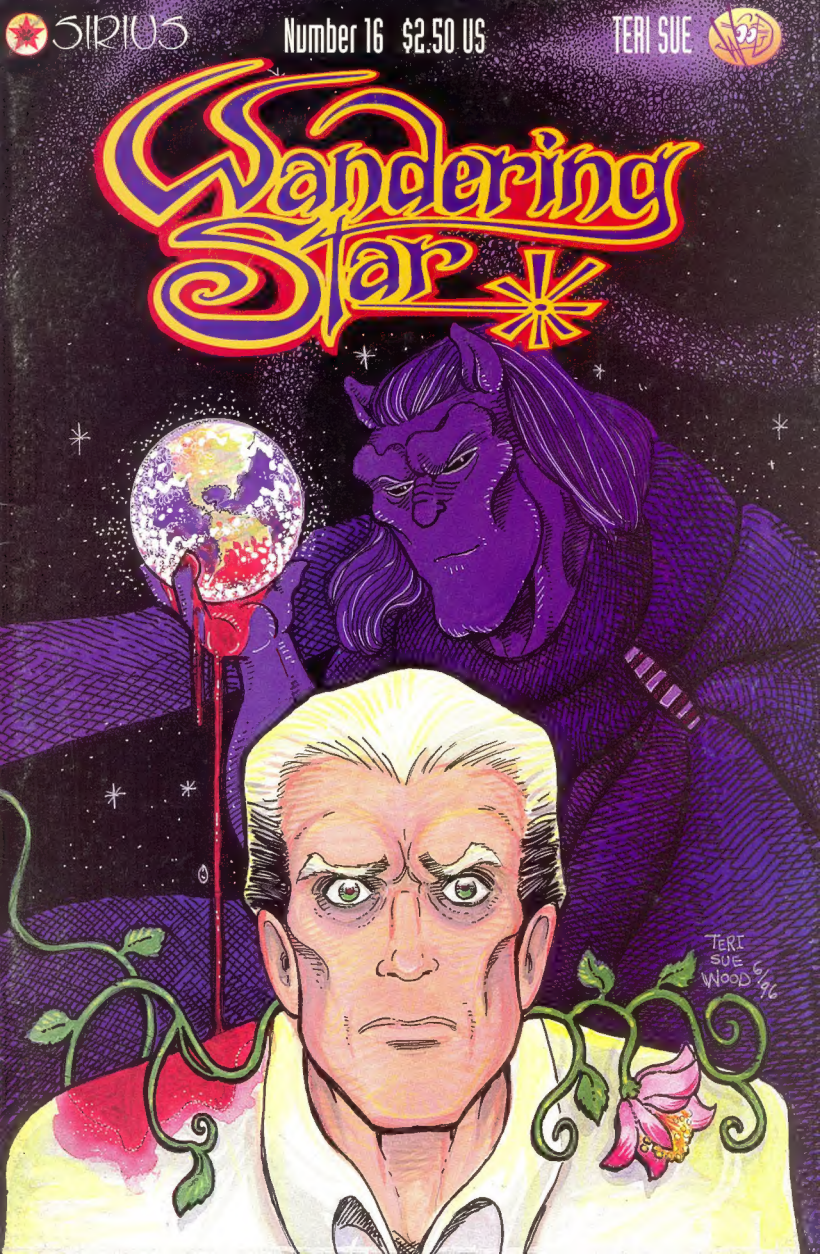
SIRIUS

Number 16 $2.50 US

TERI SUE

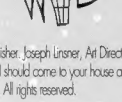
Wandering Star



Wandering Star

TERI SUE WOOD CREATOR, WRITER, AND ARTIST • PRESTON A. SWEET PROOF-READER • TRULAWNA FRANSENE VILLALOBOS ARTISTIC ASSISTANT

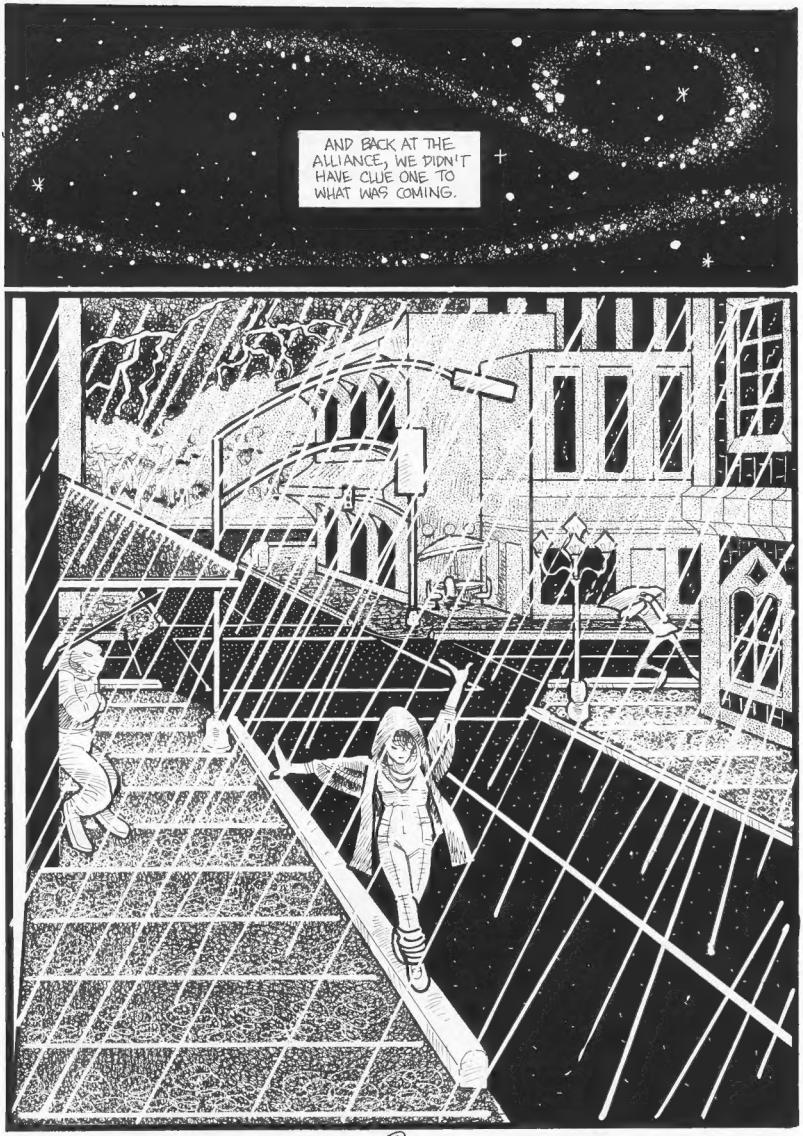
Ah, strange, isn't it? Not long ago I was ridding all of you about having to deal with the cruel summer sun while I got to play in the snow. But alas, the tables have turned, and now I'm the one stuck in the hot sun. Curses! Anyway, faced with the choice of working during the day, with temps inside the house at 95 degrees (we have no air-conditioning), or working in the cool of the evening, my decision was an easy one. And so, here I am, sitting in the backyard, just after midnight, typing out my editorial. It's a bit cooler tonight, cool enough surprisingly to bring in the fog. I'm rather entranced by it, watching it as it dances mysteriously over the grass, magically set aglow by the spotlight from the cemetery next door. It sneaks leisurely over the brick wall, seeming to get lost over there in the darkness of the trees. I can't help but wonder how thick the fog will get tonight. I remember Tru telling me that a few days ago it had gotten so thick that you felt as if you'd lost the world outside, and were now adrift on some strange little island that looked like your home. Thick enough, that if you were out there in that cold, white world, something could sneak up on you before you'd even have a clue... Jeez, with an atmosphere like this one, I should forget the editorials and write a few spooky stories. I do find it amazing though, that living so close to the local cemetery doesn't bother me. Not that I'd thought there's be zombies climbing over that brick wall to munch on my brains, but still, I expected it to creep me out just a bit. I thought for sure that it would make me hesitate in my nightly routine of going outside, all alone, late at night, to look up at the stars. I imagined, that once out there in the hush of the darkness, interrupted only the intermittent sounds of the night, I'd feel just a tinge of some ancient, hereditary fear of the dead, knowing that they lay there in the ground not even twenty feet from where I stood. Yet, strangely, I rarely ever think about it, unless it's to ponder why I don't think about it more. I suppose it's the six-foot high brick wall. You know, "Out of sight, out of mind," and all that stuff? There is one thing that does bother me, and it's that I overlooked the fact that our dear little house has no air-conditioning. It's fine, as long as the temps stay below 90 degrees. Under 90 degrees, the fans can easily cool the house down, but over 90 degrees, and it's been over 105 degrees this whole week, our poor fans are fighting a losing battle. Sigh. Of course, it's the fireplace's fault. You see, I have this terrible tendency to be blinded by "things." Like the time I almost bought a car, just because it had this nifty automatic seat-belt (Gimme a break, this was 1986. The things were pretty state of the art then). And well, when I came to look at the house, it was the first thing I saw. Now, I've been dreaming of having a fireplace my entire life, and standing there, looking at it from the driveway, visions flashed through my mind. I saw myself, on some cold winter night, sitting before a roaring fire, sipping coffee. I could see myself finding all sorts of unusual nick-nacks for the mantelpiece, and putting up stockings on Christmas Eve. Oh, I was in love-love-love. I thought, "Ooooh, a fireplace! The house is perfect. It must be mine." I guess it was just one of those emotionally-based decisions Dave Sim's been accusing everybody of lately. Hah. But, hey, at least it gives me something to write about in my editorials! In other news, yeah, my eyes are all better now. THANK GOD! I was starting to get really sick of being... well, sick. I am also trying to be a gardener again. Yep, I figure I've got this big ol' gorgeous back yard, so I'm gonna dig up part of it and plant seeds. Now I realize that I've never yet managed to keep anything green alive, but hope springs eternal. I refuse to believe I'm under some strange horticultural curse. I haven't, like, stumbled into any long lost Egyptian tombs or anything, so this must be something I can overcome. And so, I've been reading a great many books on the subject, and... and... and... DARN IT! I'm gonna get this right eventually!!!!! I have faith! I do! Really! Okay, so I don't. Pray for me, light a candle, send me good thoughts, say a mantra, or whatever. I'm gonna need all the help I can get. Sigh. And on that note, see yaz!



WANDERING STAR Vol. I #16. FIRST PRINTING. Published by SIRIUS Entertainment, Inc. Lawrence Salamone, President. Robb Horan, Publisher. Joseph Linsner, Art Director. Correspondence: P.O. Box 128, Stanhope NJ 07874. WANDERING STAR © 1996 Teri Sue Wood. Violators beware! Really. Yo want I should come to your house and touch all a yer plants wif my brown thumb? Cuz I will. Grr. SIRIUS & the DogStar logo are trademark and copyright SIRIUS Entertainment, Inc. All rights reserved. Any similarity to persons living or dead or temporarily reanimated from the dead is purely coincidental.

MS. CASANDRA.
SO,
I'VE DONE IT AGAIN, HAVE I?
SORRY.
IT'S JUST THAT THE MEMORIES... WELL...
...THERE WAS JUST SO MUCH HAPPENING AT THAT POINT IN TIME.
SO MUCH THAT WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT.
EVERYBODY WAS SO HAPPY ABOUT THE BOKI FIGHTERS PULLING BACK FROM OUR BORDERS.
WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE KEKAKOPOLOUS, OR ABOUT EARTH BEING PROCESSED.
GOD.

OR ABOUT YOUR FATHER.
yes.
NARZ AND HIS PEOPLE HAD TURNED EARTH INTO A LIVING, SCREAMING NIGHTMARE...
"PROCESSING EARTH." TURNING ALL ABLE-BODIED MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN INTO TULSAR-ZOMBIES FOR THE GREAT BONO KIRIAN EMPIRE.
AND SLAUGHTERING ANY THAT THEY DEEMED "VALUELESS." THE OLD, THE FRAIL, THE SICK OR THE HANDICAPPED.
AND, OF COURSE, ALL OF THIS WAS HAPPILY REPORTED BACK TO NARZ VIA COMPUTER LINK-UP. WITH PICTURES AND EVERYTHING.
AND WATCHED BY MY FATHER ON THE COMPUTER SCREENS IN LEVEL SEVEN.
AND THEN...
...ONCE NARZ HAD BEEN CONVINCED THAT ALL WAS BEING HANDLED IN A QUICK, EFFICIENT MANNER...
...HE PACKED HIS BAGS...
...AND TAKING THE HELM OF THE KEKAKOPOLOUS, SET SAIL FOR THE ALLIANCE, TO UTTERLY DESTROY WHAT WAS LEFT OF OUR DEFIANCE.


AND BACK AT THE ALLIANCE, WE DIDN'T HAVE CLUE ONE TO WHAT WAS COMING.

HMM. HMM. HMM
HMM. MM. HMM.
MM?
OOOOOOOOOOOO!
THEY'RE BLOOMING!

Oh,
AREN'T YOU JUST LONELY!
SHUFF!
WHAT?!!
TWERP?
WELL, HELLO!
AND JUST WHAT ARE YOU, LITTLE FELLA?
COOCHIE-
-COO?
TWEEP!
NO!
WAT!
I'M SORRY!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU.
SIGH.
AH, WELL.
SUCH IS LIFE.

TO HELL WITH DESTRUCTION!
KA-
KA-KOOM!
I SAID TO HELL WITH DESTRUCTION!
TO HELL WITH IT!
KA KA KOOM!
SHHHHH
SHHHHH
okay.
So, Maybe it's time to go inside.
SHHHHHHH SHHHH

HOSPITAL
PHARMACY
Who?
SWOOSH!
NOPE.
"WHO'S" ON FIRST.
What?
NEVER MIND.
IT'S A "HUMAN" THING.
HAVE A FLOWER.

BRINGING FLOWERS TO SICK PEOPLE IS ANOTHER HUMAN THING.
SO, DON'T HAVE A COW.
A WHAT?

I GUESS IT DOESN'T TRANSLATE WELL. IT JUST MEANS, "DON'T WORRY."
SO, HOW ARE YOU DOING?
HAS THE MUSIC DRIVEN YOU INSANE YET?

UH,
..NO.
I LIKE IT ACTUALLY.

YOU'RE KIDDING,
RIGHT?
NO.

MMM.. OKAY.
IT MUST BE A MACHAVIAN THING.

ANYWAY,
HOW ARE YOU DOING?
FINE.

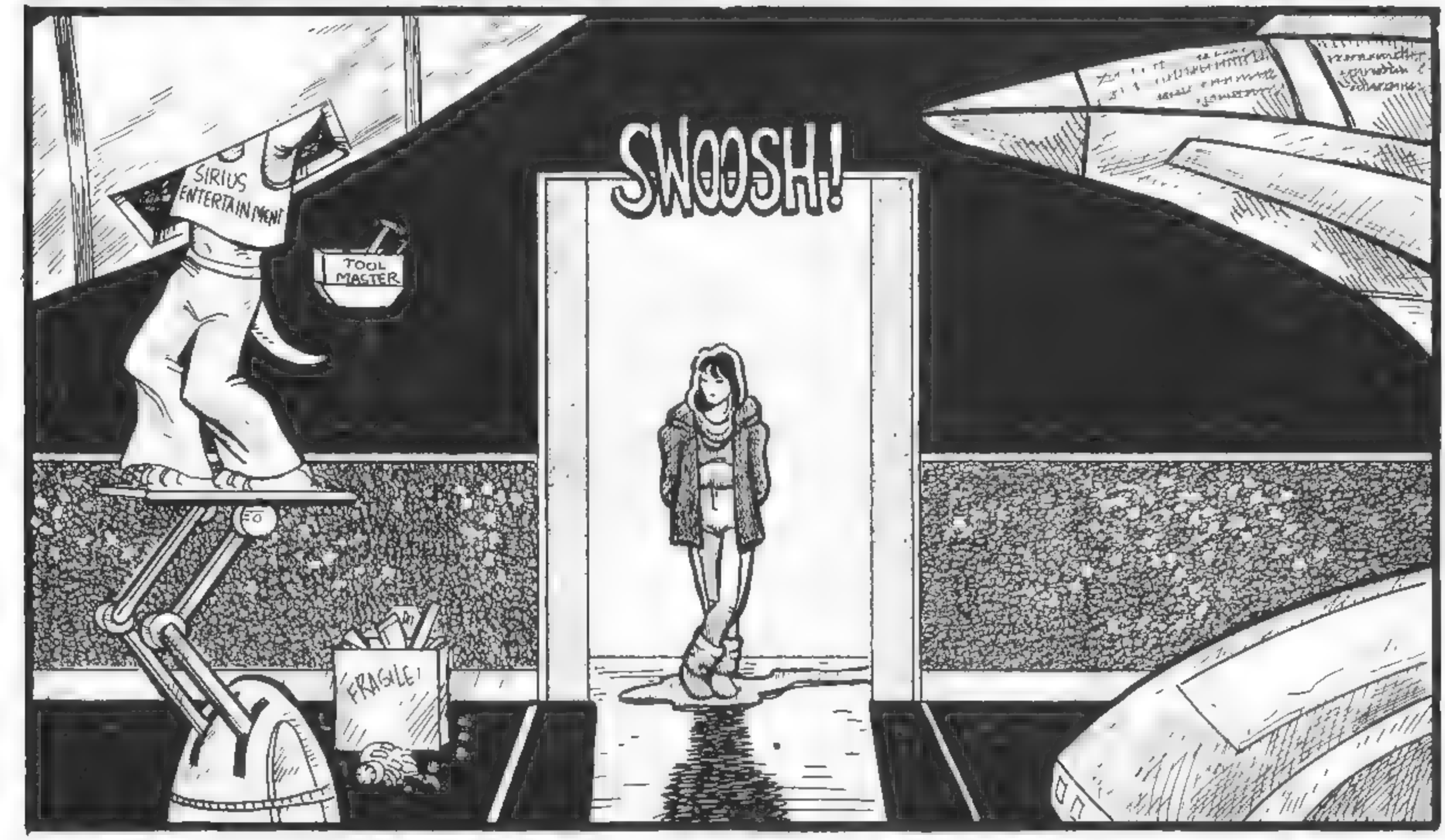
MMM-HM!

WELL— CHEER UP ALREADY.
THE BONO KIRO HAVEN'T ATTACKED IN OVER A MONTH.

SIGH.

Well,
I GUESS I'LL BE SEEING YA LATER, MEKON.
TAKE CARE.

SWOOSH!
Click.


SIRIUS ENTERTAINMENT
TOOL MASTER
FRAGILE!
SWOOSH!

WANDERING STAR.
HI, ELLI.
OH!
Hello, CASANDRA.
HOW ARE YOU?
GREAT.
AND YOU?
GOOD.
MM.
HAVE YOU SEEN MADISON OR JOEY AROUND?
Well,
I HAVEN'T SEEN MADISON.
BUT HE'S MOST LIKELY WORKING AT THE HOSPITAL.
Ah-I SHOULD'A THOUGHT OF THAT. I WAS JUST THERE VISITING MEKON, I SHOULD'A LOOKED FOR HIM.
WHAT ABOUT JOEY?
UM,... ...WELL...
JOEY'S...
JOEY IS ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR OF THE BRIDGE.
What?
HE CAME TO VISIT ME LAST EVENING, "TO SPREAD THE PARTY AROUND," HE SAID.
OH, FOR PETE'S SAKE
CASANDRA,
CORRECT ME IF I'M MISTAKEN, BUT...

... AREN'T YOU AND JOEY, BY THE STANDARDS OF YOUR OWN CULTURE STILL TOO YOUNG TO BE CONSUMING ALCOHOL ?
OH, SURE.
BUT WHO CHECKS I.D.'S IN A WAR?
AH.
SZZZZN
SNNNNN SZZZZ.
SNNNNN SZZZZ.
HOW YA DOING, JOEY?!
YEEEE AAAH!

oh—
JEZ—
Casi!!
Welcome to the Wonderful World of Alcoholism!
DON'CHA JUST FEEL SO ALIVE?!!
DON'T DO THAT!
GOD!
SORRY.
BUT, REALLY, YOU HAVE NO ONE TO BLAME BUT YOURSELF
yes, MOTHER!
And you may take that last word any way that you WANT.
I AM WOUNDED!
Oh!
HOW EVER SHALL I SURVIVE?
So—
HOW COME YOU'RE SOAKED?
MM?
OH.
Well—ya SEE, I DON'T DRINK.
I STAND IN RAIN SHOWERS
IT'S PROBABLY JUST AS SILLY,
BUT AT LEAST I DON'T HAVE A HANGOVER THE NEXT DAY.

NO.
JUST PNEUMONIA.
HEY!
I WORE A JACKET!
UH HUH. SURE.
OOOOOH, MY HEAD!
DO THEY HAVE ASPIRIN, OR SOMETHING, ON THIS PLANET?
DON'T KNOW.
I'M SURE THEY HAVE SOMETHING.
SHALL I GO FORTH AND FETCH IT?
YES.
HOSPITAL
YES.
PLEASE!
GO FORTH AND FETCH.
OW.

EXCUSE ME, SIR?

I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD HELP ME.

A FRIEND OF MINE~JOEY~HE PARTIED A LITTLE TOO HARD LAST NIGHT, AND NOW HAS QUITE A HEADACHE. DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING THAT COULD HELP?

IS YOUR FRIEND LIKE YOURSELF?

IS HE AN EARTHER?

uh...

...Yeah.

MM.

WELL, IT'LL TAKE A FEW MOMENTS.

HELLO, CASANDRA.

MADISON?

HAH!

THERE YOU ARE! I WAS JUST ASKING ELLI IF SHE'D SEEN YOU AROUND.

I'VE BEEN HERE, WORKING.

I SHOULD'A KNOWN.

WHEN AREN'T YOU WORKING NOWADAYS?

I HAVE YOUR MEDICATION.

THERE ARE TWO TABLETS

TAKE ONE EVERY FOUR HOURS,

MEDICATION?
IS SOMETHING WRONG?
HM?
OH NO. EVERYTHING'S FINE.
JOEY JUST HAD A BIT OF A PARTY LAST NIGHT AND IS NOW PAYING THE PRICE.
Again?
WHAT?
THIS... ISN'T THE FIRST TIME.
YOU MAKE IT SOUND AS IF HE'S DRINKING EVERY DAY OR SOMETHING.
CASANDRA...
...IT'S BEEN A ROUGH WAR.
Sigh.
I GUESS I CAN'T BLAME HIM.
IS IT RAINING OUTSIDE? YOU'RE DRENCHED.
HM?
UH, I'FRAID SO.
AND YES, I WAS OUT THERE. I JUST COULDN'T HELP FROM WALKING AROUND OUT THERE A'WHILES.
MM-HM.
YOUR HAIR IS WET.
DIDN'T YOU WEAR YOUR HOOD?
Well, INITIALLY.

IT'S JUST A LITTLE RAIN. IT'S NOT LIKE IT'S GONNA KILL ME! I'M FINE!
OH PLEASE!
JEEZ! PEOPLE GET SO HORRIFIED OVER A LITTLE RAIN!
I WORRY ABOUT YOU, CASANDRA.
What?
I WORRY ABOUT YOU.
YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN ABOUT ANYTHING BUT TRIVIALITIES SINCE THAT ONE TIME, ON THE SHIP.
HOW ARE YOU DOING?
UH, FINE. UH,
AS GOOD AS CAN BE EXPECTED, I GUESS.
ARE YOU, CASI?
I'M NOT SO SURE.
I THINK THAT YOU'VE BURIED A LOT OF THINGS, TO AVOID FACING WHAT CAN HURT YOU.
HELLO?
WHERE DID THIS COME FROM?

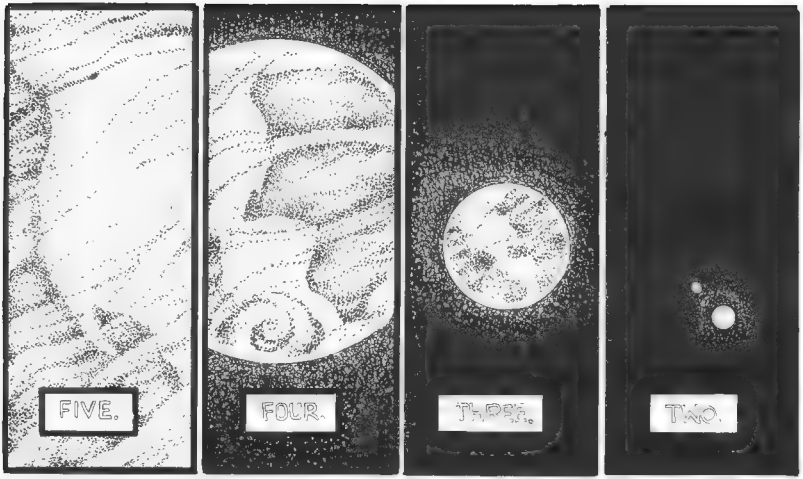
CASI...
...YOU'RE TOO CALM.
ME?
I'M TOO CALM?
GOOD GRIEF, MADISON!
LOOK IN THE MIRROR!
WUU... WHAT?
WHO'S AVOIDING WHAT? LOOK AT YOU! YOU WORK ALL THE TIME.
ALL THE TIME!
AND YOU NEVER TALK ABOUT YOUR FEELINGS.
AND YOU'RE ALWAYS CALM.
ALWAYS CALM.

God...
...I... NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT IT BEFORE...
...BUT...
...GOD MADISON!
HOW ARE YOU CALM?!!
LISTENING TO PEOPLE DIE.
SEEING GRAI GET KILLED!
AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE BONO KIRO DID TO YOU WHEN THEY HAD YOU.
YOU'VE NEVER SAID ONE WORD ABOUT IT, BUT...
...I...
...I...
...I...
MadiSon?
No.
ZOOM!
MADISON!
Oh No...

MADISON!
WAIT!
MADISON!
...
Oh God,
what have I done?
"WHAT HAVE I DONE?"

COMPUTER,
THAT'S EVERYTHING.
I'M... TIRED,
PROCEED
I'M SO TIRED
GO AHEAD AND SEND OFF THE MESSAGE POD.
UNDERSTOOD,
CLICK! BEEP! BEEP!
THE MESSAGE POD HAS BEEN SENT.
God—Forgive me.
Forgive.
Forgive me.
God.
God.
God.

COMPUTER...
PROGRAM LOADED
READY TO PROCEED
COMPUTER,
RECOGNIZE CODE WORDS
END GAME.
CLICK
CODE WORDS RECOGNIZED.
WEAPON ARMAGEDDON PROGRAM INITIATED.
WARNING. YOU ONLY HAVE TEN SECONDS TO CANCEL PROGRAM.
THANK YOU.
TEN.
NINE.
EIGHT.
SEVEN.
SIX.



ONE.

WANDERING THOUGHTS

PO BOX 474, BEAUMONT CA 92223-0474

Dear Teri,

Hello, I'm writing to bug you some more. First off, let me just say that I still enjoy WANDERING STAR, and I'm glad to see that the big move to SIRIUS hasn't ruined the great spirit of this series. And the art still looks great. Page eleven from issue 14 was beautiful, and tell Tru she did a good job on page 10. Anyhow, the big question here is: was this the last issue? 'Cause if it was, then, uh, we got some problems. There are a lot of loose ends here. Especially the whole thing with Aldar. I mean, that has to go somewhere, right? Aldar acts as a representative for us, the audience. To have him and the older Casi just written out of the end like that leaves the reader hanging, especially after the way each issue begins with the two of them. Along the same lines is the situation with Narz and Casi's father. If this is to end on a dark note, then so be it, but at least end it. As things are now, the whole poitical situation on Earth is completely unresolved. And what is the Kekakopoloos? (Hope I spelled that right.) Narz talks about it like it's some kind of doomsday weapon, but we've never seen it. I doubt it was that spooky robot thing that Casi saw in her dream, but if it was, we need to know. One more thing: Madison and Mekon are GREEN?!? This was quite the surprise. Does this mean Graikor is green too? What about Elli, Lindi, and that funky looking counselor for issue 2? Am I taking this too seriously? Look, I know it sounds like I'm ripping on you here, but it's just because I think WANDERING STAR is terrific, and I would hate to see such a huge part of the story go unfinished. And I'll feel like a real goober if issue 15 comes out next month. Oh, by the way, fantastic cover on number 14, your best yet. So, I hope this didn't depress you too much. I'm only trying to offer some constructive criticism. Even if your response is "I'm telling the story however I want, so you can bite me!" I'll still be there reading DARKLIGHT number 1.

Yours,
"Mac" Entire
Meford, MA

Yep, Mac. 14 was it. Everything else is just a figment of your imagination. Oh, and yep again, everyone is green! Even older Casandra's dog! Yep. And the ship is green and the sky is green and their clothes are green. Only Casandra has pink skin, but she's looking into cosmetics to hide this deformity. Yah heh heh heh. Oh, and I hear Tru wants ta smack ya for that line about page 10. But I thought it was funny.

Hello Again! (Finally!)

I've been meaning to write you for quite some time now, but never got around to it before now (so much to do, so little time). First of all: I'm sorry I couldn't afford the support packages (or at least one of them in any case) when you were offering them, but as anyone who has ever tried it will be willing to swear under oath, being a student really doesn't pay. At least not financially. As you may have noticed, I've sent a copy of my WS original page. If this is one of those that you needed, and if the offer for a sketch still stands, I would like one of Graikor (I miss the old guy). OR... you could send me a copy of the original WS Book Two (you can't blame a guy for trying, can you? And anyway, you asked for it by telling about the book). On second thought, I would love a Graikor sketch, so how can I convince you to send me a WS #2 too? Would begging help? Since I'm not a retailer, and I can't seem to get any of the shops in the area interested, I can't win it that way. Hang on, that gives me an idea, I seem to remember... Wait a second. Here it is: original WANDERING STAR Number One, page two: "Contest! The first people to find the nine hidden "TRU"s get book two". Here's how I figure; this was a small press book, maybe you never got 15 answers. It's worth a shot. Let's see, here we go: Page 4–panel 4; page 5–panel 1; page 8–panel 5; page 9–panel 4; page 10–panels 1, 8 & 10; page 11–panel 2; aaand page 13–panel 2. That's nine. So how about it, do ya owe me a Book Two? Pleeeezzzze??? Okay, now that we've got that taken care of, over to more SIRIUS business. (I know, I know, stupid wordplay. But you gotta admit they're begging for it with that name.) WWHHHAAA??? Teri's sold out! I want my money back. I don't even want to read the last three issues. I cannot read books from a, dare I say the word (no, but I dare type it), PUBLISHER. I'm outta here. Uuuuuh, not really.

Listen, I don't really care who publishes the book, so long as it gets out here to me and the rest of your readership. If it saves you the hassles of the business side, believe me, I'm delighted for you (I've tried my hands as a businessman too, with no great success). Let's just hope the switch will bring you oodles and boodles of money, too! I have only one problem with this: You won't be offering subscriptions for Darklight. Do you have any idea how lousy the subscrip-

tion-service over here is when it comes to quality comics? They work from the idea "should the book for any reason show up in the shop, we might remember to keep it for you, and if it doesn't, don'pt even ask us to reorder." Cartoon Books was going to stop offering BONE subscriptions too, but they changed their minds. Is there ANY possibility you'd do the same? I'm desperate here. PLEASE?

Are-Morten Braaten
NORWAY

P.S. Going through all the letters I meant to write to you, it struck me that I have never written an actual letter of comment to you. Come to think of it, I don't think I've ever written a LOC to anyone. Anyway, I've decided that after next issue I will write you an actual, real live fan-letter of comment. (Trust me to decide this after three issues with no letters pages.)

P.P.S. Wups, seems I had something else to say. Ehrm.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO TERI!
HAPPYBIRTHDAYTOYYYYOOOOUUU!

(I know it might be a bit late, but better late etc.) I would have sent a cake, but I honestly doubt you would eat what I could send through the mail.

Hi'ya Are!

But look! They're back! Really! It's been a bit rocky starting the letter page back up. I missed an issue or two, back during Pen & Ink's run, and the minute they stopped appearing, so did my letters. That's why it wasn't until Book Fourteen that I was able to pull another one together. And I missed fifteen, cuz, well, no more came in. Sniff. Nobody loves me. Mm, let's see: the old 1989 WANDERING STAR Book Two. Well, ya know I've been thinking about that. If you'll remember, I only printed 50 of them in `89, and only have three left myself. And I was going to give one to the store with the best WANDERING STAR display, but I never got any entries! (Now, that was a nice little blow to my ego, but ah well.) Anyway, I've decided to try another approach. If you'd like a chance on this incredibly bad, but practically extinct book (really folks, I doubt you'll find one any other way. I don't think anyone else still has a copy), just buy an ad in the COMICS BUYERS GUIDE saying that ya like WANDERING STAR, then send me a postcard saying that ya did and I'll drop this card in a big ol' container. Then, on December 10th, 1996, I'll draw out one postcard, and that person will get a 1989 WANDERING STAR Book Two for Christmas!!! And yes, if ya run more than one ad, you can have more than one entry. (See Are, tere is a way ta get that darned book after all.) Hmm. That's a pain about the subscriptions, Are, but really, I'm horrible at them. Something always went wrong. But, I don't know. Maybe. If I can figure out a way to do them without driving everybody and myself insane. `Course, we might get lucky and SIRIUS might set something up. (Please! Please! Please!)

[PUBLISHER'S INTRUSION: Subscriptions are a losing proposition for a company our size, but we can recommend availability of all issues through Cosmic Therapy: P.O. Box 1309, Andover, NJ 07821. Try calling Brenda at 201-347-6634 to arrange for holding them. I hope this helps those having a hard time getting WANDERING STAR-Rob6.]

Oh, and it's 21 issues. Not 16. Just thought I'd say it officially, once again. Um. And, thanks for not sending the cake. Let's see, stuff I didn't have room for in the editorial... First off, to "Ron," I don't have your address. Or your last name. All I have is this Christmas card griping about parking space, and a sketch I need to send ya. Um. I know, I know. Not a lot of information, but I'm stumped, okay? Sorry. In other news, a big, hardy, ol' thank you to everyone who's been sending me information on where they live in anticipation of my big move in a year and a half. It's still on, so if ya want ta tell me all about where you live in hoopes ta coax me to your town, feel free! Oh, and yes, I've since discovered that nobody out on the east coast has ever heard of a Carl's Jr. Well, it's kinda like a fancy McDonald's. Does that help? Also, don't worry about the Taco Bell. They changed their green sauce to enchilada sauce so I'm boycotting them. That other sauce is icky. Blah. And that's everything, dear readers. See ya in a month. (Gawd, I love saying that.)

Missing Children
Help Center
National Missing Children Division
National Child Safety Council
410 Ware Boulevard, Suite 400
Tampa, Florida 33619

KATRINA L. FINTON

Missing Juvenile

KATRINA L. FINTON

Missing:	06/30/96	**Age Now:**	15 yrs 5 mths
Missing From:	MASHPEE, MA	**Age Disap.:**	15
Birth:	02/17/81	**Race:**	White
Sex:	Female	**Eyes:**	Blue
Height:	5' 3"	**Weight:**	120 lbs.
Hair:	Straight Blond		

ID Info: INITIALS "AM" CARVED ON LEFT FOREARM. GLASSES-FRAMES ARE BLUE-BLACK. GLASSES SIT ON FACE CROOKED. MOLE BACK OF NECK. SCAR ON RIGHT CALF. NCIC # M 941578192.

Circum: KATRINA AND 2 FRIENDS WERE LAST KNOWN TO BE IN PINE ISLAND, FL. THEY ARE DRIVING A LATE 80'S 4 DOOR BROWN TOYOTA COROLLA WITH MA TAG # 389 XNN. PLATES ON FRONT AND BACK OF CAR.

ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION SHOULD CONTACT:

Missing Children...HELP Center at 1-800-USA-KIDS

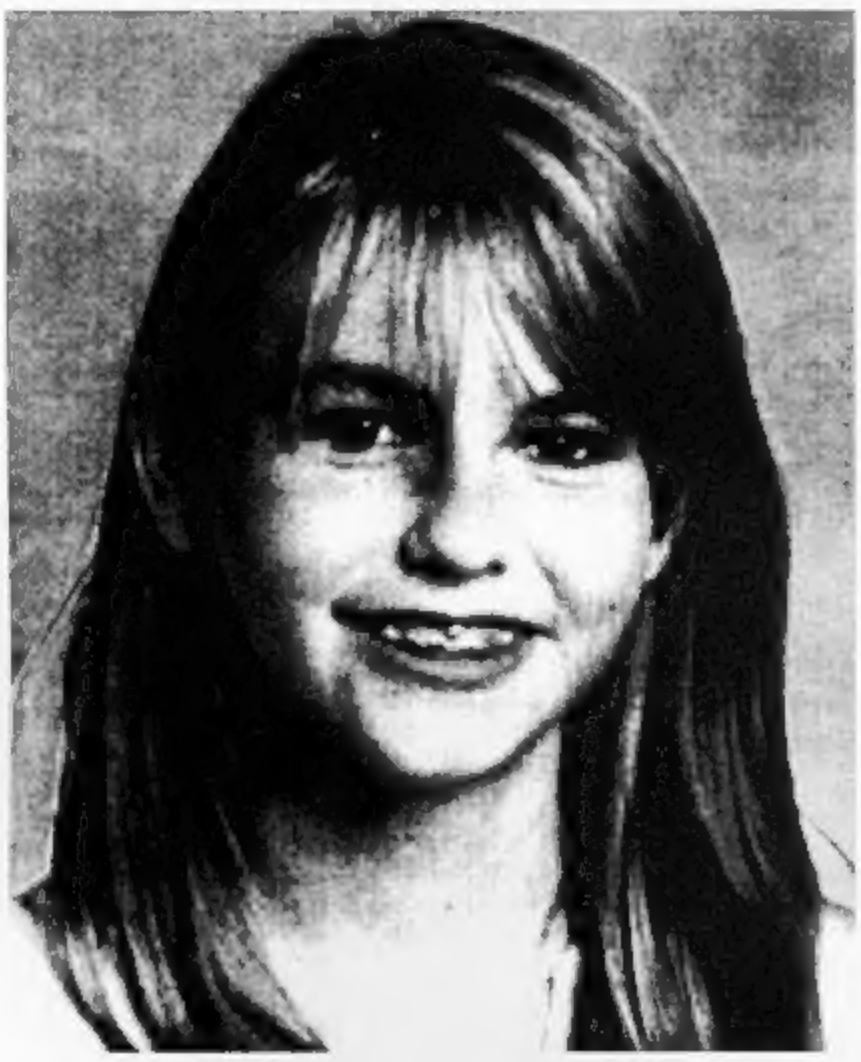
OR

MASHPEE PD
RT 151 NATHAN ELLIS HWY DET DORIS DOTTRIDGE
MASHPEE, MA 26490 (508) 539-1480

Missing Children
Help Center
National Missing Children Division
National Child Safety Council
410 Ware Boulevard, Suite 400
Tampa, Florida 33619

AMELIA ANNE IRISH

Missing Juvenile



AMELIA ANNE IRISH

Missing:	05/20/96	**Age Now:**	14 yrs 11 mths
Missing From:	VENICE, FLORIDA	**Age Disap.:**	14
Birth:	07/26/81	**Race:**	White
Sex:	Female	**Eyes:**	Hazel
Height:	5' 5"	**Weight:**	117 lbs.
Hair:	Straight Blond		

ID Info: SMALL MOLES ON NECK; PIERCED EARS
NCIC NO. M-930869499

Circum: "AMY" LEFT HOME SUPPOSEDLY TO GO TO SCHOOL, BUT DID NOT ATTEND. HER FAMILY HAS NOT SEEN HER SINCE 5/20/96.

ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION SHOULD CONTACT:

Missing Children...HELP Center at 1-800-USA-KIDS

OR

SARASOTA COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE
S TAMIAMI TRAIL
VENICE, FL 34293 (941) 497-3455

FANG
2
SIRIUS
COMING IN
OCTOBER